



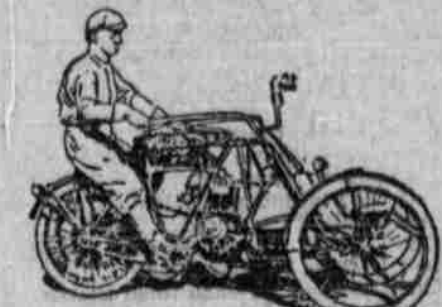
THE CHILDREN

BUILT HIS OWN MOTOR CYCLE

George Vineyard of Kansas City Calls His Machine a Tricar—Did Work in Leisure Moments.

You've wondered what that cross between an aeroplane and motor car was that you've seen skimming over the boulevards? Well, that's George Vineyard's tricar. To let you in on the secret early, a tricar is a fancy name for a three-wheeled motor cycle. George built his tricar in leisure hours back of his house at 2353 Gillham road, says the Kansas City Star. George is nifty at several things, he says, doing expert electrical work when busy professionally, cooking when he's hungry and being a bachelor all of the time.

As to the tricar: At a distance it resembles an ordinary three-wheeled motor cycle with an additional seat between the two front wheels. Closer



George Vineyard and His Tricar.

examination reveals the working parts, unlike anything yet on the market. The sources for the mechanism are summed up about like this: Orient-Merkle-Indian, Cadillac-Blue Bird-Singer, the last being a gallant touch when you recall that Mr. Vineyard is a bachelor. The engine is one of four-horsepower taken from an Orient backboard. There is no transmission on Mr. Vineyard's tricar, the machine always runs on high speed. It is geared to run about thirty-five miles an hour. The handle bars are made from gas pipe; the throttle and sparkers are regulated by levers near the driver's seat. Mr. Vineyard says his love of tinkering led him to build the car and that he has no idea of getting a patent on it.

AFRAID OF HIS PROWESS.



The Bird—But I ain't no crow. I'm a silhouette dove!

Geographical Names.

- | Names. | Answers. |
|---|----------|
| 1—The "Smoky Mountain." Mt. Poccatapet. | |
| 2—The "Gate of Tears." Strait of Bab-el-mendeb. | |
| 3—The "Great River." Rio Grande. | |
| 4—The "Boat Destroyer." Amazon. | |
| 5—The "Foaming River." Ebro. | |
| 6—The "Vale of Paradise." Valparaiso. | |
| 7—The "Black Mountain." Montenegro. | |
| 8—The "Long Lake." Kennebec. | |
| 9—The "Tortoise Islands." Galapagos. | |
| 10—The "Snow-clad Range." Sierra Nevada. | |
| 11—The "Mother of Waters." Chesapeake. | |
| 12—The "Father of Waters." Mississippi. | |
| 13—The "Lake of Abundance." Memphremagog. | |
| 14—The "River of Joy." Guadina. | |
| 15—The "Wind-blown Cloud." Washash. | |
| 16—The "Mountain of Light." Lichtenfels. | |
| 17—The "Rich Lake." Baikal. | |
| 18—The "Fruitful Mountain." Cerro Gordo. | |
| 19—The "Land of Dawn." Asia. | |
| 20—The "Swift Water." Tallapoosa. | |
| 21—The "Prospect Mountain." Montevideo. | |
| 22—The "Cat's Throat." Cattagat. | |

What the Baby Says.

"Can your baby brother talk now?" asked a visitor of 4-year-old Clara. "Yes," she replied, "he can say some words real well." "Indeed! And what are they?" asked the visitor. "I don't know," replied Clara. "They are words I never heard before."

He Squinted.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what is the third letter of the alphabet?
Small Johnny—Dunno.
Teacher—Yes you do. What is it you do with your eyes?
Small Johnny—Mother says I squint.

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE.

First take a willow bough.
Stretch and round and dark,
And cut a little ring
Just through the outside bark.
Then tap and rap it gently
With many a pat and pound,
To loosen up the bark
So it may turn around.
Slip the bark off carefully,
So that it will not break,
And cut away the inside part.
And then a mouth-piece make.
Now put the bark all nicely back
And in a single minute,
Just put it to your lips
And blow the whistle in it.

FIVE TREES ARE REMARKABLE

Soffar, Found in Nubia and Soudan,
Produces Whistling Sound—
"Cow Tree" Gives Milk.

The "whistling tree," or acacia flutula, is found in Nubia and the Soudan. The Arabs call it "soffar," or pipe, because of the whistling sound that it produces, and the specific name of "flutula," a word also meaning pipe or flute, has been given it for the same reason.

Insects infest the tree, and deposit their eggs in its shoots. A gall-like excrescence, about an inch and a half in diameter, is produced at the base of the shoots, and when the larvae have emerged from circular holes in the sides of the shoots, the holes, played upon by the wind, produce a whistling sound equal to that produced by a sweet-toned flute.

The "cow tree" is so called because it yields an abundant supply of milk. To obtain the milk, deep incisions are made in the tree, from which the fluid flows into vessels placed ready to receive it. This vegetable milk is white, somewhat viscid, and has an agreeable flavor; and an analysis of it shows that it is very much like the milk of a cow in its composition. The cow tree grows on the slope of the mountain chain bordering on Venezuela.

The "cloth tree" is found at Otaheite in the South Sea. The bark is taken off in long strips and put to soak over night in running water. The soaking softens it, so that the inner fiber may be easily separated from the rest of the bark. The fibers are put together in lengths of about eleven or twelve yards, and the lengths are placed side by side until they are at least twelve inches in width, and two or three layers of fibers are put one upon another.

The fibers adhere together in one piece, and the material thus formed is beaten upon a smooth piece of wood until it becomes as thin as muslin. It is then bleached in the air for a time, when it is ready to be made up into clothing.

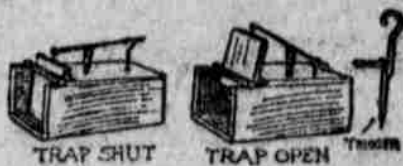
The "stinging tree" of Queensland is pleasing to the eye but dangerous to the touch. Its effects are curious; it causes great pain to the person or animal that has the misfortune to get stung by it, but it leaves no wound, no mark of any kind. And for months afterwards the part stung is painful in rainy weather, or when, in any way, it gets wet. Frequently it is necessary to shoot horses and dogs that have been stung by the tree, so maddening is its effect upon them.

The "angry tree" grows in Nevada, eastern California and Arizona. When in the least disturbed this highly sensitive tree shows its anger by ruffling up its leaves and emitting a disagreeable odor.

FIRST-CLASS RABBIT TRAP

One Can Be Made Out of Six-Inch Boards With Sides and Bottom Twenty-Four Inches Long.

This trap is made of 6-inch boards, says a writer in the Missouri Valley Farmer. Sides and bottom are 24 inches long, the top 21 inches. The door should be 1 inch narrower than inside of box and should run loose, so



A First-Class Rabbit Trap.

prevent freezing. The trigger is made of No. 12 wire and hooks onto nail head that projects through hole in back end of trap. Bait with apple or corn. With this kind of trap we caught 150 rabbits last fall.

Rules for Dolls.

The following maxims have recently been published in a paper for young folks, and one cannot resist the suspicion that they are intended not so much for dolls, as for dolls' owners. As such, it is recommended that they be read and pondered.

A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother, lest she should hurt her. A doll should keep away from the rocking-chairs, as the rockers may crush her.

A wax doll should avoid the fire, if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people are apt to tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline.

First Requisite.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, what must we do to be forgiven?
Tommy—We must first do some thing to be forgiven for.



WORK

Work as if thy task were made for thee;
Be strong as if thou hadst courage,
And charitable as if thou hadst been rewarded;
Remain poor if riches are dishonorable,
And carry poverty with the dignity of virtue.
When others dote sumptuously, eat thy crust;
Let love be thy guide and justice thy god—
Not for thyself alone, but for all men.
Pursuing these things thou wilt be misjudged....
Then, uncomplaining, lie thou down at even,
Cheered by the love in thy heart
And by the full grown soul of thy charity;
Then hast thou won the heroic battle.

—Max Ehrman.

Dibley's Reckoning

By JOHN CHARLETON

Laurence Dibley looked ruefully at the flat punctured tire of his automobile and then around at the thickly wooded section in which he was stranded.

The road ran through tall woods and all along its length it was perfect for motoring; Laurence had never been on the Cross highway before and he had been an ardent admirer of the quaint little villages and picturesque farm houses scattered through this New England country. Once in a while he came upon the river and crossed it through echoing covered bridges. He had just passed through the wood when a tire burst beyond all repair. Laurence slipped it off and applied the emergency tire he had carried and had barely gone another hundred yards when a rear tire exploded loudly, ruinously.

"Talk about disasters at sea!" grumbled Laurence as he pushed the light roadster into an open space among the trees beside the road and gathered branches of autumn leaves to heap over it until it was quite hidden under October foliage. "If ever a mariner was marooned on dry land! I wonder how many miles from civilization I am!"

He pulled out his road map and studied it closely. "Four miles to a repair shop—where!" He pocketed the map and tucked his long dust coat into a locker with his heavy fur coat, and with cap tilted on the back of his head set forth to tramp the four miles into the next village, Melton.

At last he emerged from the woods into a more open country and there, temptingly in his right hand lay a long, low, white-painted farm house whose great square chimneys denoted hospitality as well as did the roomy front porch furnished with comfortable chairs and tables. Laurence could see large barns in the distance and on rolling meadows in the background were dotted a dozen cows.

"That looks like glasses of butter-milk and hunks of cold Johnny cake," murmured Laurence wistfully looking backward as he passed the place.

A quaint signboard swinging from a tall elm tree near the gate arrested his attention and sent his feet speeding in the opposite direction and up the path to the inviting front porch. "Refreshments Served to Travelers," it stated plainly.

Laurence lifted the polished brass knocker and made known his presence there.

Light footsteps sounded and there was the click of high heeled shoes on bare polished floors and the door swung open revealing a girl clothed in a chine blue pinafore that enveloped her from neck to heels. She was a pretty girl—nay a beautiful girl, with a mist of fine dark hair breaking into tendrils around her rose-tinted face and with delicately arched black brows above large hazel eyes. There was a dab of flour on her nose of which she appeared unconscious. She looked inquiringly at Laurence, for so absorbed was he in contemplating the charming vision of her that he quite forgot his errand.

He whipped off his cap and stuffed it in his pocket. "Good afternoon—I—er have had a breakdown with my car back here in the woods and I am on my way to Melton for a mechanic. I happened to be mighty hungry and I saw your signboard—so I came right in. Is that right?"

"Certainly," said the girl gravely. "If you will sit down in the porch I will bring you whatever you wish. It is so warm and sunny out there people seem to prefer it, but if you'd rather we have a room inside."

"Out here by all means," protested Laurence dropping gratefully into a comfortable rocking chair. "I dreamed of butter-milk and cold Johnny cake," he smiled.

"Your dream will be realized, only the Johnny cake is hot from the oven—I have just made it." She flashed out and in the door again leaving in his hand a small card on which was set forth a list of viands served at Elm Farm. The handwriting was angular and the ink was of old-fashioned violet blue.

Laurence ate his hot Johnny cake and drank glass after glass of cold butter-milk in addition to various other delectable viands, all served by the beautiful girl in the blue pinafore. She went about the business of serving him with a quiet gravity that charmed him. He could have remained hours and would willingly have eaten up and down the bill of fare several times over if he had not feared the grave inquiry of her eyes.

"She must think I'm a glutton," he

thought with chagrin as she carried the empty dishes away. "I never ate so much in all my life at one time, and I'd do it all over again just for the privilege of watching her trip in and out!" He summed up the cost of his meal and asked the girl if it was correct. "What is my reckoning?" he smiled.

She said it was and he thrust his hand into a pocket for his wallet. He went through one pocket after another with growing embarrassment, finally fishing up a solitary dime.

"I—I must have lost my wallet," he stammered awkwardly, before the concern in her eyes. He was conscious then that his clothes were dusty and that his hair must be untidy. What if she thought him an impostor? He blushed deeply.

"I'm glad you've got grace to blush, young man," rasped a shrill voice and behind the girl appeared the sharp features of a middle-aged woman clad in a violet print dress and white apron. "That's an old story—you're not the first impostor I've cooked for and waited upon only to have serve me such a trick! I'd be ashamed—"

"Miss Malvina!" protested the girl with a shocked look at Laurence. "I'm sure this gentleman must have lost his money—pray, give him a chance to explain."

Laurence turned a grateful look upon her and then addressed Miss Malvina. "I am sorry, madam," he said a little stiffly, "but appearances certainly are against me; my automobile broke down in the woods back yonder and now that I come to think of it I must have placed my wallet in my dust coat and the dust coat is in a locker in the car! If you care to send somebody with me as a guarantee of my return I will go back after it, and return to pay my reckoning!"

"Fiddlesticks!" sniffed Miss Malvina. "There isn't a soul to send along with you now. Here I am without a mite of help around the place today—everybody gone off to the county fair at Melton. If Miss Fairly hadn't put on her big apron and come down and helped me I don't know what I'd have done—it ain't right either, her being a boarder and up here for a rest! You can set right down here, young man, until my brother Samuel comes back from the fair—I reckon he'll walk back with you after your pocketbook!"

"Miss Malvina!" cried the girl again, and this time she was quite indignant. "I will pay you the money because I am sure this gentleman will return—there!" She flashed in and out of the house, returning with a silver mesh purse, from which she took some money and paid Laurence Dibley's reckoning with Miss Malvina.

"I hope you don't object," she said with a smile toward him. "Miss Fairly, I am deeply grateful," he said warmly, and under the scornful eyes of Miss Malvina he strode down the path and returned to his disabled machine. When he reached the spot he came upon a large motor car full of people lurching in the shade of the trees. Among them were several friends, and after he had told them of his trouble there were many willing hands to pull out his car and with an elaborate tool kit the chauffeur of the big machine repaired the broken tires sufficiently to send him rejoicing on his way to Melton.

No one could blame him for tooting his horn triumphantly as he stopped before Miss Malvina's gate, and when he reached the porch and had paid the money he had borrowed from Miss Fairly into her pretty pink palm, he grasped it for a moment in his own strong clasp.

"You've been a friend indeed to me," he said soberly. "My reckoning with Miss Malvina is paid—but my reckoning with you, Miss Fairly—well, I never want to settle that!" With a smile and a blush from her he was gone—but he went back again.

A Gala Night.

"Last night I saw a cab full of calves,"
"That's rather strange. What made you think the cab was full of calves?"
"I was merely judging from the number of French heels I saw sticking out of the window."

The Apparatus.

"I was just wondering one thing in all this talk of weighing souls."
"What are you wondering?"
"If they can do it with a spirit level."

The Reason.

"I wonder why gossip travels so fast?"
"Because the tongues which carry it are always on the rail."

NO POLITICAL MOVE

PRESIDENT DENIES IMPUTATIONS REGARDING PROSECUTIONS.

WILL STRICTLY ENFORCE LAWS

Chief Executive's Speech in Chicago Regarded as Bearing Upon Latest Prosecution.

Chicago.—In a speech here Friday night which was regarded as having a direct bearing upon the government's latest trust prosecution against the United States Steel corporation, President Taft denied in vigorous language that the administration was being influenced by political motives.

"I would rather cut off my right hand," he exclaimed than do anything to disturb the business of this country, especially with a motive of cultivating political success."

The president said he wanted it to be understood for all time that he intended to enforce the anti-trust law to the letter.

"Statements as to what I may be responsible for in bringing about business troubles, however, regretful it may be that it is so, cannot turn me from the duty that lies straight before me," continued Mr. Taft.

He spoke to an immense throng in the first regiment armory and his anti-trust declarations called out a storm of applause and cheering. There was no doubt as to what was in the president's mind when he said:

"I come to the subject of the trusts at a time when the matter is boiling."

He was delivering in part his Waterloo speech on the relation of the government to business and had declared that he believed the railroads of the country had brought themselves within the law and were consciously trying to keep within it. "I hope that at some not far distant time the same thing can be said of the great industrial combinations," he said.

"More bigness of plant, mere bigness of company or corporation does not constitute a violation of the law. It is the purpose to restrain, to suppress competition and to control prices that transgresses the statute and the supreme court has decreed that these practices must end."

"Throughout my career," the president continued, "I have always conducted myself with the idea of promoting business and promoting prosperity. If there is anything that arouses disgust in me it is the calamity howler—the man who attacks business and seeks to arouse prejudice against it. Prosperity we all need. We are all in the same boat."

PRESIDENT OF CHINA.

Rebel Commander Notifies Foreign Consuls of Change.

Peking.—General Li Yuen Heng, leader of the rebel forces, has informed the foreign consuls at Hankow that he has been proclaimed "president of the republic of China."

The foreign consuls here have exchanged communications with Li upon several subjects. They objected to his announcement that vessels carrying contraband of war would be subject to confiscation and also to his proposal to administer the custom revenues at the port of Yang Tee Kiang and other cities when controlled by the revolutionists. The latter objection was based on the fact that these revenues are pledged as security for loans and should be turned over to the British general of customs in China.

Attempt to Assassinate Sheng.

Peking.—Sheng Henan Huan, who was removed from the office of minister of posts and communications as a concession to the national assembly had a narrow escape from assassination here. He fled to the American legation from whence he was later escorted by a squad of ten soldiers to Tien Tain.

May Mean Peace.

Peking.—It was authoritatively announced here that at the instigation of Yuan Shi Kai, negotiations between the imperialist forces and the revolutionaries in the Yang Tee Kiang region are about to open.

Shopmen's Schedule Lengthened.

Sedalia, Mo.—Twelve hundred employees of the local Missouri Pacific railway shops were put on a nine-hour instead of an eight-hour schedule.

Found Dead in His Bed.

Deadwood, S. D.—When a neighbor called as usual at the home of Richard Connors, a Black Hills pioneer who lives on Corral creek, he found Connors dead in bed.

Taft in Milwaukee.

Milwaukee, Wis.—President Taft received as cordial a welcome in Wisconsin as he found in any of the more states he has traversed during the last six weeks. He did not attempt to analyze his reception nor to make political capital out of it.

In Conflict with Police.

Muscatine, Ia.—Two hundred women button-maker strikers and their sympathizers, followed by one hundred men, engaged in a general riot with the police.

The Onlooker

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

"Don't Worry"



You say that you are feeling ill.
That you have many pains and aches.
That every hour you take a pill
To rectify your health-mistakes.
Cheer up, my friend, and do not moan—
Though half an invalid you be;
It does not help to sigh and groan—
I would not let it worry me.

You say that business is bad.
That every day you meet a loss
And that this makes you blue and sad.
Likewise cantankerously cross.
Cheer up, my friend, and do not curse.
Although there's no relief to see.
Remember that it might be worse—
I would not let it worry me.

You say that you are losing friends.
That they are playing false the while
And using you to serve their ends.
Which simply makes you full of bile?
Cheer up, my friend, do not repine.
But let your soul sing glad and free.
What though they have an ill design?
I would not let it worry me.

You say that things are going wrong.
That evil threatens our native land.
That graft and greed are growing strong
And ruin stalks on every hand.
Cheer up, my friend, the skies are bright
And all is fair as fair can be—
What though you think we face the night?
I would not let it worry me.

How's that? You say that you are tired
Of all this optimistic stuff.
You think optimists should be fired
By some one with a manner rough?
Cheer up, my friend, although you hear
So much pitched in this gushy key.
I let it fit from ear to ear—
I do not let it worry me.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.



"Yes," says the first man, with a pompous manner, "I may say that I am entirely self-made."

The other, who is a wisened person with no regard for the feelings of others, remarks:

"My! Your union must have called you out several times on strike."

A Hint.

Miss Florabel having innocently remarked that the druggist on the next corner but one has had a new soda fountain put in, Mr. Titled remarks: "That reminds me of an interesting item I saw in the papers yesterday. A young man in Bakavia took a young lady to a soda fountain and she drank 25 glasses of chocolate ice cream soda, and is now so ill that her life is at most despaired of."

"How splendid!" cries Miss Florabel.

"Splendid? Splendid? That poor girl lying at the point of death and—"

"O, I don't mean that. I mean how splendid it was of the young man."

Belief.

"And do you believe man is made of the dust of the earth?" we ask of the earnest theologian.

"I certainly do," he avers.

"Tush! we respond, tartly. "Have you any evidence that such is the case?"

"To be sure," he answers, confidently. "Take Bilgissopp, for instance. He has sandy hair, a muddy complexion and is always gritting his teeth."

A Hint.

"Yes," said the fair young thing, growing enthusiastic over her pet dog, "dear little Jugs actually seems to have more intelligence than some men. Would you believe it, he never comes into the room where I am without rushing right to me to be kissed."

An Anti-Darwinian.

"Are you frightened, Jocko?"
"No, I am simply horrified to think that we might evolve into anything like that."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.